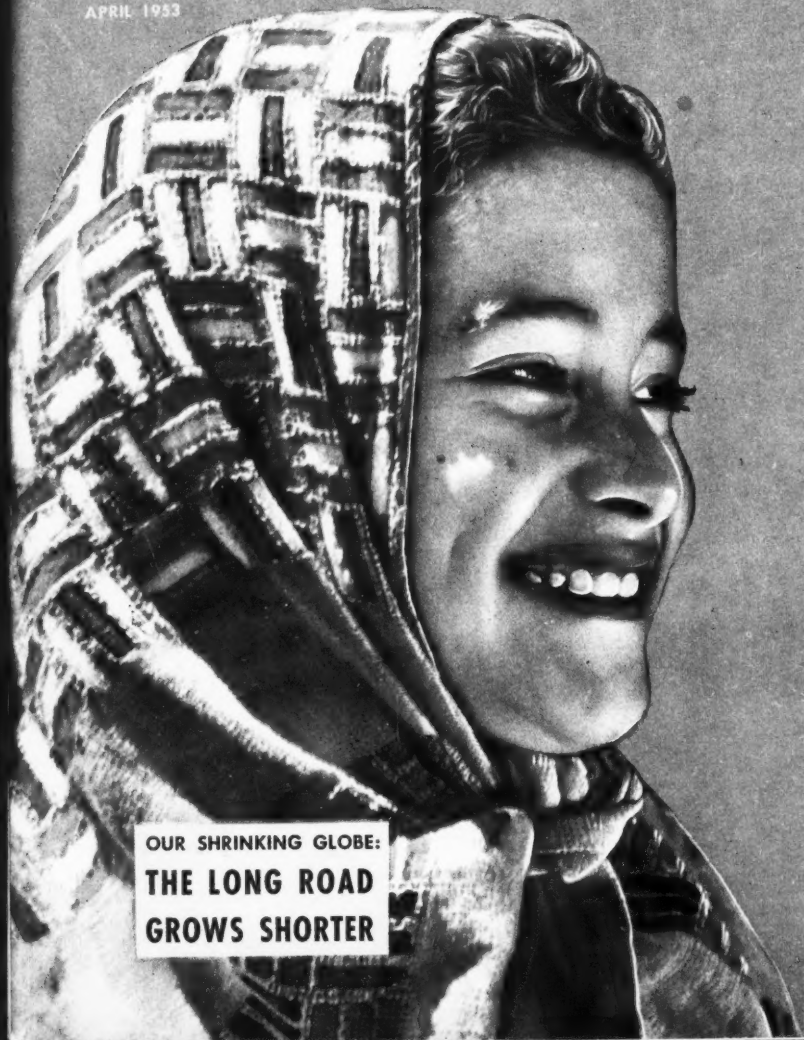


THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

APRIL 1953



OUR SHRINKING GLOBE:
**THE LONG ROAD
GROWS SHORTER**



FROM THE HOUSETOPS — Maryknollers like Father Mark Tennien who have spent months in Red jails of China shout out the ugly dangers of communism. Father Tennien describes them vividly in his new book.



A tonic to the morale of these refugees is a visit by Montanna's Father Curran.

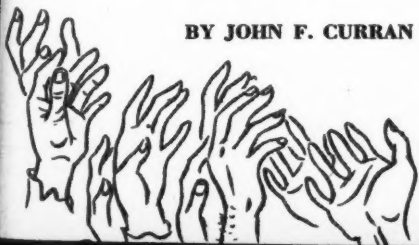
NO COUNTRY, NO RICE

**When two million refugees flood
an already overcrowded island,
a missionary gets his big chance**

BY JOHN F. CURRAN

■ THE DAY I was expelled from China was not a happy one. Although the British flag was a pleasant sight, the joy I felt at crossing the border was crowded out by the thoughts of missionaries behind the Bamboo Curtain. Also in my mind was the question of what my next assignment would be.

As it turned out, I came to Hong Kong at a time when the refugee problem of the island was demanding the attention of Government and





Father Tse keeps his doctrine class on their toes. (Right) House-to-house visiting in the drab resettlement parish in the Ngau T'au Kok hills of Hong Kong.

Church alike. The scope of the problem was (and still is) enormous; there are almost two million refugees from the mainland on this tiny island. Two disastrous fires in refugee settlements left thousands homeless, and that seemed to bring the problem to a head.

I got into the thick of things when I was assigned to start a mission in the Ngau T'au Kok hills, where the Government is relocating many of the victims of those fires.

When I first looked down the valley that is my mission, I saw scattered here and there the houses of already relocated refugees. What pitiful shacks! They were built by the poor in their spare time. I

noticed more than one hut built entirely of old, five-gallon gasoline cans. Every inch of living space is used in these shacks — as many as ten persons to a room. In one place I saw a series of mud piles. I learned that some refugees had constructed huts out of mud bricks, without using any mortar, and the first heavy rain collapsed them completely.

A few of the dwellings are more substantial. These were made of fire bricks or granite blocks. One of the things that makes being poor in Hong Kong a miserable experience is the show of wealth by those who have it. Destitute refugees can easily understand now why communism has moved so strongly in



Asia. But when these same people were the ruling class in China, they were as blind to the needs of the poor as are those who do not now take heed. Living in this refugee settlement are ex-mandarins, ex-colonels, and ex-teachers, who once knew what it was to have money and power.

My Number One problem was to find a place where I could set up shop. I knew that rental housing was at a premium. Bonus money had to be paid, ranging from \$150 to \$3,000, depending on the size of the house. My house hunting ended for the time being, when an acquaintance introduced me to a friend who agreed to let me have, for reasonable rent, a one-room house that contained a loft. The

APRIL, 1953



owner agreed to forego bonus money. The only drawback was that the neighbors were noisy; they specialized in marathon mahjong games.

When Father John Tse, a zealous and recently ordained priest, joined me, one of the first things that had to be done was to search for larger quarters. A Catholic girl told us of a house being vacated and said that the rent was within reason, with no bonus money involved. Thus we moved into our present quarters.

Meanwhile we had been busy getting acquainted with people. We started a house-to-house visitation, to introduce ourselves and the work. It wasn't long before we discovered that a number of Catholics live in the area. In addition we discovered that some of the people in our settlement had

started taking instructions in a neighboring parish.

Father Tse was and is a tremendous help. The way he can handle

different dialects is amazing. In our house-to-house campaign, we met people from many different parts of China. Father Tse was able to handle

them all and get over the purpose of our visit. He has made a hit with these people.

The refugees sincerely appreciated our visits and our interest in their problems. Time after time as we chatted in their humble homes, they told us of happier days on the mainland of China. Time after time their conversation revealed that they knew something of the doctrine. For some there had been a priest in their hometown in China. Others admired the unselfish way in which the Church had helped China. They rued the fact that they had not grasped the opportunity of studying the doctrine. Even those who did not express much interest in the Church said that they were pleased that priests were assigned to work in their settlement.

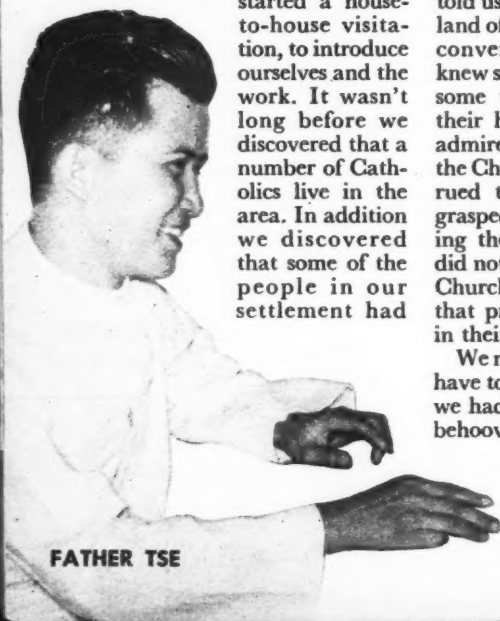
We now had Catholics who would have to go to Mass on Sundays, and we had catechumens to instruct. It behooved us to hunt for a place that could serve as a chapel and classroom. A Catholic family in the area, the Tsangs,

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OUR ADDRESS?

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**



FATHER TSE

came to our rescue. Mr. Tsang, who raises flowers for a living, has a little shack on his property where he keeps his tools. He fell in wholeheartedly with my plans to make a few necessary alterations and use the shack as a chapel. Father Crotti, the representative of the Ordinary for refugee work, inspected our stable and gave us permission to use it for Sunday Mass.

About thirty Chinese were present for the first Mass in our humble chapel. The congregation included a few strangers; they had heard about us only that morning.

Twenty-five Chinese showed up for our catechumenate. Our chapel is small so we had to go slow on signing up prospects for the doctrine classes.

Fortunately we were able to hire an experienced catechist. My former language teacher, Ignatius Loh, turned up for a visit one day. As we talked over old times, Ignatius reminisced over the days when he had worked as a catechist for Father John McLoughlin. I told him that I needed a catechist, and the upshot of our conversation was that Ignatius quit his job with the bus company and came to work for us.

With Ignatius on the job, Father Tse and I had more time to devote to our campaign to meet all the people in the settlement.

Work here is new, and it will take time to develop suitable mission methods. Many of the refugees in this area are men who left their families in China. They came to Hong-Kong with the hope of getting jobs and earning enough to send for



FATHER CURRAN

their families. But their plans fizzled. It was impossible to find work and now their families can't secure permission to leave China.

One big advantage we have is the fact that the Church is in on the ground floor.

During the next few months, there will be a mass migration into this valley. The Government plans to resettle more refugees. By this time next year, the population will be about 10,000. We hope to build a community center to serve as a chapel and doctrine classroom. Our work will become increasingly effective as we are able to provide more service for the people. We hope to establish a school. The fact that the people have made us welcome gives us confidence.

BY RICHARD S. McMONIGAL



SITTING PRETTY

His "Good night" was more a sigh of relief than a blessing.

■ I USED TO think that my experience as baby sitter for nieces and nephews during my years in the States had prepared me for anything. But a month after the end of language school, I found myself trying to run the parish of San Jose, Bolivia. Included was the supervision of 250 children in the parochial school. All of this when my Spanish was still an imperfect hodge-podge.

About three times a day I got into a conversation, and stood aghast as my Spanish broke down completely and collapsed in tinkling pieces

around my feet. I made a mad scramble to gather up the pieces, shoving verbs, nouns, and participles together in frantic haste—only to end up with a mess of words. By that time, I didn't know what I was trying to say and no one else did, either.

The pastor, Father Fritz, a man of many talents, was needed to supervise the rebuilding of the *Innis-fail* after the damage it suffered in the accident that took the life of Brother Gonzaga. At the same time, as luck would have it, the very capable directress of the school—Sister

Ann Virginia — had to leave for Cochabamba on important business. I tried to keep a light heart and laughter on my lips by telling everyone that Father Fritz and I had taken aptitude tests and he ended up pounding rusty nails into an old, broken-down boat; I ended up as pastor. But it was a brave front and nothing more.

The school's tired, old basketball had a slow leak, and ten times a day the children were in for the Padre to pump up the basketball. I was asked to find scissors for the art class. At nine o'clock almost every morning, I heard a big ruckus. It usually meant that the key to the school had been misplaced, and one and all were milling around, making noise. Fortunately the school is a mud building, and I usually found a hole some place, through which to shove a small boy to open the door.

When I was at the point of wondering what could possibly happen next, it did. There was a knock at the door, and I went to answer it, praying that my Spanish would be adequate for this new development. A man introduced himself, "I'm from the police." My heart sank. What now?

He had a long story to tell. I got part of it. I asked some questions and had him repeat the choicer parts. Then I called a teacher over to help me out. He told me that the cop wanted three of the boys from our school because they had borrowed a mare without the owner's permission, and had ridden it so hard in the heat that it lost the colt it was carrying. The owner

wanted \$75 in damages and costs.

Through the interpreter, I told the policeman that he would have to wait until Father Fritz returned. After much talking the policeman agreed to wait. That afternoon Father Fritz accompanied the boys to the police station. There the cop reproved the boys very firmly, driving home his point with a little corporal punishment. He kept them in jail until six o'clock that evening, to scare them. The owner of the mare seemed satisfied, because we never did hear more from him. By one of those happy chances, he had borrowed Father Fritz's shotgun and had kept it much longer than he had promised.

On the second afternoon that I was alone, I heard all the school children screaming and hollering in unison. It was during recess, but the noise was so shrill and prolonged that I went to investigate. The children were running madly all over the yard, screaming at the



top of their loud little voices. I finally grabbed one and asked him what was the matter.

"It's a *carachupa*!" he gasped, and ran on. Not having the vaguest idea of what a *carachupa* is, I ran for the dictionary. I searched busily,

but couldn't find it. Still undecided whether to get a gun or what to do, I went out again. That time, Crysanto was coming across the yard, holding very gingerly onto a burlap bag. All the tykes were running, jumping, and screaming behind him. He opened the bag, and I saw that he was carrying a weasel-like animal, the South American skunk. So that's a *carachupa*!

Somehow the animal had crawled into a box of classroom supplies. When the teacher opened the box, she saw the beady eyes staring at her. She screamed; things got odoriferous, and pandemonium broke out. After the animal was killed and the box of supplies was moved out into the air, things settled back to normal.

On the next afternoon, a teacher came to tell me that another teacher was too sick to show up for class.

"What do you usually do in a case like this?" I asked.

"Oh, Sister always takes the class."

That meant only one thing: I was now the teacher of the fourth grade.

I remember going in and trying to teach geography, history, and arithmetic — all the while fighting the language, searching for words, and becoming hopelessly confused.

Somehow I survived until 4:30; then my schedule became hopelessly confused. At one and the same time I was slated

to direct a singing class, manage a physical-education class, and teach the fourth grade. By flitting around like a stray bee at a flower show, I somehow managed to survive until the final bell rang.

Stunned, eardrums shattered, nerves a frazzle, I thought longingly of 9:30 P.M. On dragging feet it crept around. I turned off the generator, plunging the orphanage into darkness, and the orphans gradually simmered down to quiet sleep. Then I lit the kerosene lamp, collapsed into the hammock, and began what I lovingly call "The Father's Hour." Now if there were no sick calls, it would be an hour of quiet. My prayers that night would be short but fervent: "God bless all little children the world over. And to all little children, 'Good night!'"

THE MARYKNOLL SEMINARY

which sends out missionaries to many of the faraway points of the world, has no chapel of its own. We invite you to help us build a chapel.

OUR LADY OF THE FAR EAST

"When they tried to compel a poor old woman and her daughter to deny their religion by stepping on the crucifix, the old lady said, 'Who would be fool enough to step on the head of his father or mother?' The judges were annoyed at being put in their place by the simple old woman. They sent her and the child back to their village."

— *A Modern Martyr*



Japanese Journey

BY ELIZABETH LONERGAN

■ EPPIE SULLIVAN, whose desk adjoins mine, invited me to a Japanese dinner. It was to be cooked and served at the Maryknoll mission by real Japanese. "Such dishes!" Eppie mused. "I've heard that they are out of this world."

Eppie is a gastronomic authority, always discovering unusual dishes in out-of-the-way places. Her real name is Mary, but a wag at the office has given her the other, as a short version of Epicure. The name fits her so well that everyone uses it.

Sunday found us at the Maryknoll mission on Hewitt Street in Los Angeles. Orientals outnumbered Occidentals by about fifty to one. The patio was filled with gaily decorated booths. Eppie pointed to a sign, DINNER THIS WAY, and we headed for the school. There two aged Japanese collected our American dollars, and a beautiful, slant-eyed doll seated us.

"Weren't you really surprised?" asked Eppie after the very delicious dinner.

I was. The menu consisted of roast turkey with all the fixings, a tossed salad, strawberries, and ice cream. Only the dishes on which we ate were Japanese!



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Three young men in Santiago, Chile, pledged themselves many years ago to a life of Catholic social action, dedicating themselves to the welfare of the people of Chile. One of them is now Bishop Manuel Larraín of Talca, under whom Maryknollers are working. The second is Bishop August Salinas of Ancud. The third—who became Father Albert Hurtado, S.J.—passed away last August, after a remarkable life devoted to the people of Chile.

As a young priest, Father Hurtado was sent to Louvain to complete his studies. The present Superior General of the Jesuits, who was then rector at Louvain, remarked that Father was more dedicated to the spirit of the Gospels than any other priest he had known.

The efforts in Chile of this good priest have fired the social action of the Church among the working classes. He established a labor union; a school to train union leaders; a home for the poor and for transients. During the winter months, he escorted the poor and abandoned to shelters, lest they be frozen to death in the open.

Father Hurtado trained a generation of leaders of a strong, expanding Catholic Action, which may prove to be the salvation of Chile. He gave retreats to young people almost weekly. Undoubtedly he inspired

many fine youths to become priests.

Father James F. McNiff, a Maryknoller in Chile, wrote of this priest: "I had occasion to meet Father Hurtado and to talk to him briefly in 1945. From those few moments spent with him, I carried away a lasting impression that here was a man of truly intense activity and of great undertakings."

Father Hurtado's favorite poem was one by Amado Nervo. Here is a translation:

"Every man who comes near you is going to ask something of you; the poor man, for money; the downcast, for comfort; the fighter, for moral support. Give! Give! You can give! In as many hours as the day has, give, although it be only a smile, a hand-shake, or a heartening word. In as many hours as the day has, resemble Him, who is nothing else but perpetual giving, perpetual diffusion, perpetual largess."

Father Hurtado died recently and rarely have so many people gathered for a funeral. The whole populace realized that a priest of God and a servant of all men had left them. The most anti-clerical grieved.



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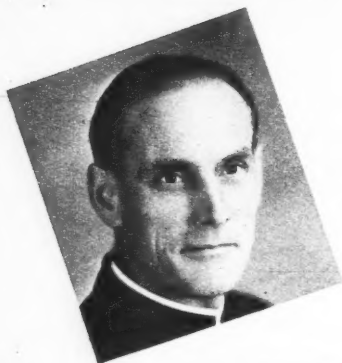
THE LONG ROAD HOME...

■ IN MOST PARTS of Latin America, public law forbids taking a body into church for funeral ceremonies. Usually the body is buried before sundown on the day of death. In

Chiantla, Guatemala, Father George L. Krock, of Cleveland, gives (above) the last absolution, before the parish church. The deceased, an Indian, will be buried nearby.

APRIL, 1953

11



PIED PIPER OF HAWAII

BY PATRICK H. CLEARY

Lots of zing in Father Poss' ability to win young friends.

■ SOME twenty years ago, Father Leo Sweeney told the readers of this magazine a story about his curate:

"Chinnampo's Pied Piper was thinly disguised in a patched cassock and a shapeless black hat that I had abandoned long ago. Under one arm he carried his charm — not the fabled flute, but a clumsy, gray-covered volume. At his heels pressed thirty little pagans gathered from the back alleys of Chinnampo — unable to read and too poor to go to school. They couldn't study the catechisms until Father Pospichal withdrew his forty dollars from the bank and cut into the hillside to erect a 'university.' Water still oozed from the mud walls when the Piper, with his book of doctrine in pictures under his arm and the ragged troop at his heels, took possession."

During the intervening years, Father Sweeney has gone to his eternal reward; Chinnampo's children have fallen into the hands of the Communists. But Father Pospichal

continues his apostolate among children — now as the pastor in Pahoa, on the island of Hawaii. There the children still flock after the Piper: Hawaiians, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Haoles — all the varied racial strains of the Islands. The characteristic of Sacred Heart Church in Pahoa is the number of children constantly gathered there; be it for Mass, after-school play, evening prayers and catechetical instruction, or confessions.

Daily Mass is just early enough so the youngsters can make it on their way to school. Youngsters attend in great numbers, and the boys vie over opportunities to serve. Once a week, two Sisters of the Holy Family come from a distance, to hold formal, release-time catechism classes for all the children in the public school across the street.

Every day, around six in the evening, the church bell rings — it's the Pied Piper with his flute! Into the church troop the children who have been playing in the yard. First

it's night prayers together, and frequently it's the rosary. On a blackboard on the Gospel side, just outside the sanctuary rail, Father Poss (as everybody calls him) has printed a special intention for the prayers of all. Sometimes it is a striking truth from the catechism; again it is a simple exhortation on what we ought to do. Love of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother predominates in all these intentions.

After night prayers, the Piper takes up the catechetical instruction from the point where he left it last evening, stopping occasionally for a question or two. Finally, at the end of the brief instruction, the children all kneel. Father gives them God's blessing, and they joyously take off for their homes.

How does the Pied Piper do it? What is his formula? I doubt if any-

one can put it into words. It's simply a phenomenon that occurs in Hawaii as it did in Korea: where Father Poss is, there the children gather.

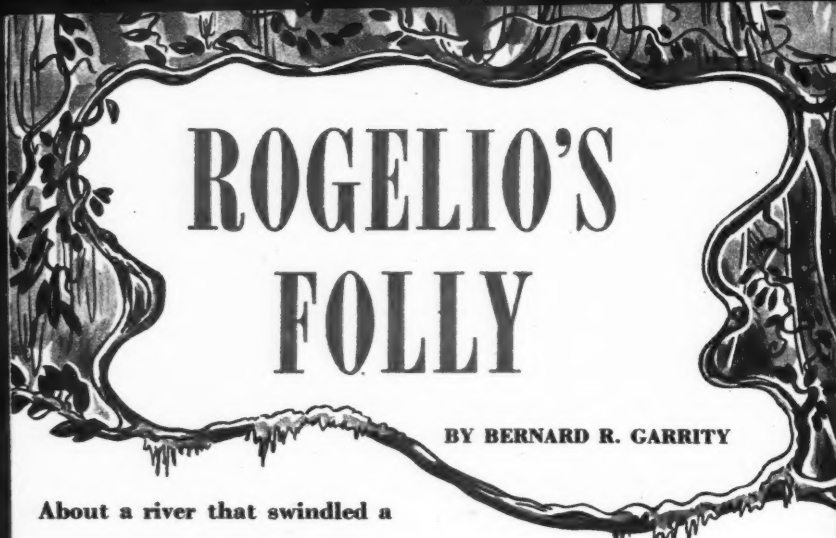
"He's too good to them, and they take advantage of him," adults say.

But Father Poss doesn't seem to think so. He believes that nothing is too good, nothing is too much trouble, if thereby children can be led to Christ, to Mary, and thus to heaven. Father Poss loves the young. The lads and lassies of the island sense this and love him deeply in return. They flock to his confessional, and to the altar rail to partake of the Bread of Life.

So the scene only has changed; the role remains. Father Poss, formerly of the Land of the Morning Calm, is now the Pied Piper of Hawaii.

"Here comes Father Poss!" say the "oh boy" expressions of these Hawaiians.





ROGELIO'S FOLLY

BY BERNARD R. GARRITY

About a river that swindled a
man out of a lifetime's work.

■ THIS WAS DOWN in the "Green Hell" of Bolivia, where the yellow rivers force their channels through over-hanging jungle growth. The launch looked for all the world like an open boxcar, floating down the river. Golden sparks of burnt pine and mahogany, which supplied the motor power, sprayed up from the stack into a swarm of singing mosquitoes. It was one of those bewitching tropical nights, when the warm full moon saturates the very air, straining the jungle wildlife to muffled shrieks of labored restlessness. The sap climbs high, and the trees hang limp with its intoxication.

It was too much for young Rogelio Remarro. As the launch swept into a curve, the natural beauty of this little river bend enchanted him. A sudden impulse to stay there, made him dive from the roof of the

cabin. He soon found himself stretched out on the bank, comfortably visualizing plans for a plantation of rubber and almond trees.

The passing of the years was good to Rogelio. His long hours of sweaty labor in the insect-infested, wet rot of the jungle were rewarded. He sold his almonds and rubber for high prices to the European purchasing agents who regularly tied up at his dock.

Rogelio's first house was a roof of thatched leaves, supported by some standing tree trunks. Later he made himself a mud oven in which he baked bricks formed from the clay of the river bed, and thus built himself a sturdy fortress. As a final touch to his jungle estate, Rogelio added an adobe chapel. He decorated it with paintings and several life-size statues, for which he had



sent all the way to Spain itself.

The chapel and statues were expensive. But Rogelio counted them necessary expenses, although he lived alone and there was not a priest within a hundred miles. He considered a chapel to be a symbol of gratitude and a plea for continued protection by Heaven.

Once the church was completed, however, Rogelio forgot about God. The chapel served only as a monument to prove to river travelers that Rogelio was now a rich man, who could boast that, by his own unaided efforts, he had established his little kingdom with its fine house, profitable plantations, and artistic chapel.

Then of a sudden it happened.

The season was spring, and the sky poured out its annual rains. For more than a month, Rogelio sat at his window and watched the river rise higher and higher. The rainy season closed — but the rains kept up stronger than ever. Morning followed morning and the swelling river continued to rise. Rogelio began to get frightened. If the river rose another foot, the waters would rush over the top of the bank and wash away his kingdom. He would be ruined.

Then, for the first time in years, Rogelio remembered God.

He rushed into his chapel to plead his cause. He promised that more statues would be brought from Spain. He would make the chapel

even bigger, if only God would calloff the rains.

The visit to the church was only for a minute. Rogelio rushed back to watch the river. He was frantic by that time. Unmindful of

the rain, he raced from the chapel to the river; from the river to his storehouses, to his mansions, to his barns; and back to the river again. Meanwhile the raging torrent continued to rise.

"Very well," decided Rogelio, "if the statues in my chapel so stubbornly refuse to protect my possessions, let them be the first to go. I will line them up between the river and my house. And if the saints will not stop the flood in order to protect their statues, let them be the first to be carried off."

He marshaled the statues along the bank, a few feet short of the climbing flood. Drenched in the tropical downpour, Rogelio stood there, angry and bewildered, to watch the river mount to the attack.

Just as the flood was about to lick the feet of the statues, a strange thing happened. All of a sudden, the waters swooshed and backed away — the flood receded so swiftly that it almost seemed as though the very bottom had dropped out of the river.

Rogelio went wild with delight.

His joy, however, was short-lived. For it soon became apparent what

THE RIDDLE OF MY BOAT

My boat is turned up at both ends.
All storms it encounters, it weathers.
On its body you'll find not a board,
But covered all over with feathers.
We daily re-load it with rice.
'Tis admired by all whom we meet.
You will find not a crack in my boat.
But you'll find underneath it, two feet.

(Answer to Riddle on page 56)

was the real reason for the sudden draining of the flood.

It was one of those things that happens when the swollen current in a winding river is exceptionally strong. The

river broke through; instead of following its customary route, the river took the course of least resistance. It cut itself a brand new channel and left Rogelio and his estate marooned on an island, a mile deep in the heavy jungle.

No longer would there be any river at his door, to bring the boats with passengers to marvel at his enchanting realm, with purchasing agents to buy his rubber and almonds. The river that years ago had intrigued and wooed young Rogelio, the river that had brought him fame and fortune, had become the river that abandoned him.

All this happened more than thirty years ago. Today, as the river launch glides through the new channel, far below Rogelio's island, passengers see the adobe church spires rising up over the treetops.

"They call it 'Rogelio's Folly,'" said the old-timer who told me this story. "But for those of us who remember the history of Rogelio Remarro, it was not the river, but rather the affair of the statues, that was his folly. Rogelio had tried to trick the saints into working for him, and one can't trick the saints."

OUT IN THE COUNTRY



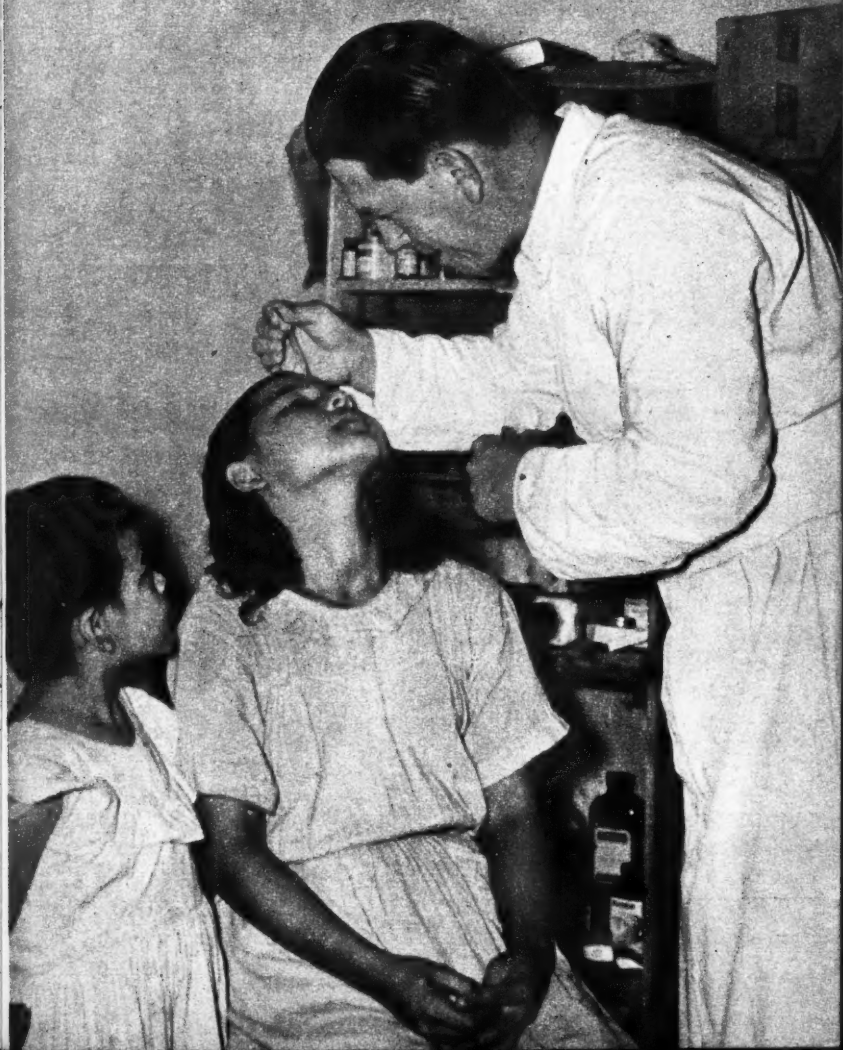
Warnes, Bolivia, is a sleepy, old, colonial town, practically cut off from the rest of the world by the Andes and the great Brazilian jungle. The spiritual welfare of Warnes has been vested in Maryknoll.

A PHOTO STORY BY ALBERT J. NEVINS



The people of Warnes, like the cook (above) or the cover girl, because of their isolation, can boast the purest Spanish blood in all Bolivia.

Philadelphia's Father James Flaherty is pastor of Warnes. Like most missionaries his work is both physical and spiritual. His dispensary is active.



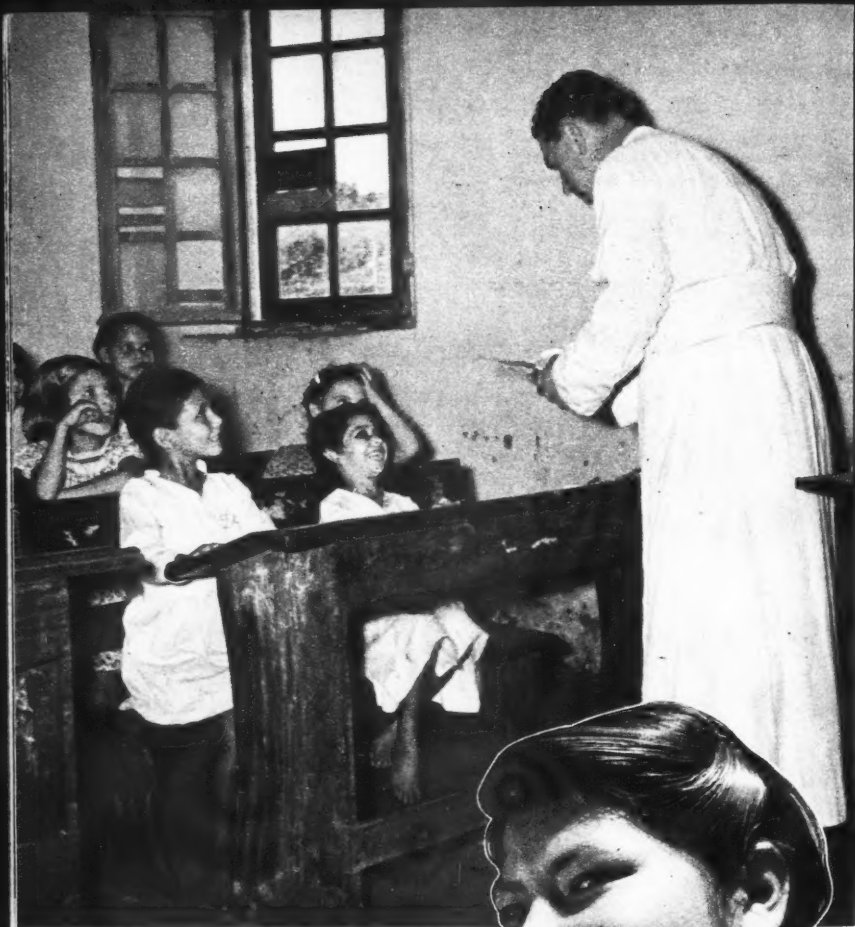


A visit to Warnes is like dropping into a past century — dirt streets and plenty of horsemen.



Father Donald W. Aubry, of Toledo, Ohio, assists Father Flaherty. He gives nightly Benediction (above).

The pastor's kindly humor attracts the young people. They are always around to keep his schedule full.



■ AFTER MODERN transportation comes to the Warnes region, the section will become the most important agricultural area of Bolivia. Father Flaherty is doing what he can to prepare the people for that day. His popularity with the school children (above) indicates the love all people of Warnes have for him.



SOME REASONS WHY MARYKNOLL NEEDS A CHAPEL



1. DAILY MASS



2. PRAYER AND MEDITATION



3. BENEDICTION AND DEVOTIONS



4. ORDINATIONS

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

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☐ I will send you \$..... each month, for your Chapel Fund.
(Please send me a monthly reminder.)

My Name.....

My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



PINOCCHIO OF JAPAN

What was Mrs. Hiru to do? Her five-year-old asked questions she could not possibly answer.

BY EDMUND T. SHAMBARIS

■ **YUKI HIRU** is a chubby lad, three feet tall, with a solemn face that breaks into a bashful smile. Then the lad reminds me of Pinocchio.

Yuki had lived all his life in Nagasaki. But he had heard a lot about the remarkable city of Tokyo, where there are so many people, where everything is smart and modern, where the buildings reach a fabulous eight stories into the skies. One day, he told himself, he would visit Tokyo.

The opportunity came much quicker than he had expected. It just so happened that a student in his neighborhood was leaving for Tokyo, to compete for admission into one of the universities.

Here was Yuki's chance! If only

MARYKNOLL

he could persuade his folks to agree.

"Where will you stay?" asked his parents. But Yuki had that and all other problems solved. He has an aunt who lives in Tokyo, and he could stay with her. The aunt, Miss Ito, is our cook. She lives with her sister in the house next to ours. That is how we met little Yuki.

To a boy of five, fresh from the country, Tokyo is a land of wonderment. During his stay, Yuki saw much of the city: the shopping centers, the zoo, and the parks. His eyes sparkled when he feasted them on the many movie houses, the automobiles that swarmed like bees, the subways snaking through dark tunnels.

Yuki learned more of Tokyo than just the commercial and the scenic. Miss Ito is an exemplary Catholic, who believes that every little boy should have a bit of religion in him. She took Yuki to church with her. When Ito-san genuflected before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, Yuki, too, made a reverence. The sign of the cross came clumsily at first, but not so later. And a little boy can also learn a few prayers.

The lad from Nagasaki was introduced to the tall Americans who lived next door to his aunt. He was amused at the way they stumbled along in Japanese. Their cassocks seemed queer to him, until his aunt explained about that and why the Fathers were in Tokyo.

Yuki soon won the Fathers' hearts. They tried out their newly learned Japanese phrases on him, or showed him magic tricks or presented him with some little trinket. When the time came for Yuki to go home, he thanked us all. And then Ito-san packed him off, with his toy wrist watch, his cork gun, his pocketful of snapshots, and his headful of memories.

But the story does not end there. A short time after he got home, his mother wrote to our cook, telling her how much Yuki had enjoyed himself in Tokyo. The mother went on to say that Yuki had become a regular churchgoer: when the bells ring out in the nearby Catholic church in their city, he yanks his mom by the arm and motions her over to the church.

Yuki has been asking his mother many questions about God and about Jesus. His mother wrote that she's starting to study the catechism, in order to answer his questions.

Yuki came to Tokyo to see the sparkle and glitter of a big city. He went home with several souvenirs of a happy time. The Faith was sown in his heart, and he took its seedlings back to his home.

Pinocchio, the wooden puppet in the fairy tale, did a kind deed and was transformed into a human. We hope that Yuki's visit will transform him and his whole family into children of God.

IN TIMES OF SUFFERING, the missionary knows that he has no right to be mediocre. "You have lost the *great opportunity* of your calamity," Saint Augustine remarked sadly to one who complained of his misfortune.



Bicycle Padre

Because he hasn't time for time,
Padre José proves a hoary adage
that missionaries never grow old.

BY FREDERICK P. WALKER

■ IF THERE had been a road between Korea and Chile, Father Joseph Cappel would have made the trip by bike back in 1943. That was when he was transferred to Chile because of the war in the Orient. Padre José (as he is known) puts horses, trucks, and jeeps to shame as he pedals his way in all kinds of weather, on his continual errands of mercy throughout his vast parish of Curepto in Chile.

Padre José carries everything he needs on his bike. With a pair of pliers, a few strands of wire, and a couple of patches, he can almost build a new bike. He devised a practical cassock, consisting of two parts. In a bundle no bigger than a knapsack, he carries half his cassock, his Mass kit, the holy oils, a few sandwiches, and tools. When he reaches the scene of his priestly operations he zips on the skirt part of his cassock.

Most of the roads in Chile are dirt ones, and heavy rains during

the winter months make them practically impassable. Once, while Padre José was stationed in Temuco, the roads washed out completely. The people in Labranza, a mission station, thought they were going to be without Sunday Mass. All the streams and rivers had overflowed, and it seemed impossible for anyone to get through. The bicycle Padre rode his bike along the railroad bed and brought Mass to his people.

Like all good missionaries, Padre José has a keen interest in the sick. He has an amazing faculty for diagnosing illnesses and for choosing the right remedies. The people of Curepto have tremendous confidence in him; many believe he is a doctor.

Padre José is living proof of the saying, "Missioners never grow old; they don't have time to do so." Although he has been a priest for fifteen years, people still think he was only recently ordained. He has

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the appetite of a sandlot football player, and he makes his hosts very happy by stowing away with relish any concoction they put before him. He has discovered unwittingly that such things as seaweeds are really quite edible.

One day a farmer asked Padre José to bless his fields, to drive away bugs that were destroying his crops. Out came the bicycle, and it wasn't long before the farm was all blessed. Weeks later, however, the farmer was back to ask the Padre to bless his fields again.

"What happened?" asked the priest. "Didn't the bugs go away?"

"Well," explained the farmer, "half of the bugs went away when you blessed the fields. But the half that stayed are eating more than all the bugs put together."

Recently Father Cappel was

speaking to children on the priesthood. In review he quizzed his hearers on the subject: "What can a priest do that no one else can do?"

"Say Mass,"

said one youngster.

"Hear confessions," said another.

One little boy waved his hand.

"He can speak English," said the lad.

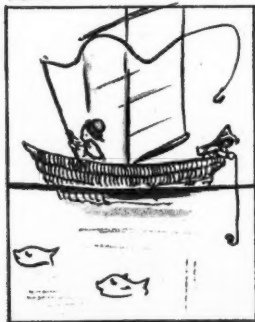
Among his fellow Maryknollers in Chile, Father Joe is famous for his pipe. He seems to be without taste as far as tobacco goes.

In the evening, as Padre José sits in his simple room in the old rectory in Curepto and puffs on that evil-smelling pipe, he has fond memories of the busy day that's ending. And when the sidewalks of Curepto are rolled up, and he finally puts his tired limbs into bed, he probably dreams about bicycles.

MEN

endowed with God's grace are the important ingredient for missionary success. Will you help train such a young man? Cost, \$500 yearly.

ANDY ANN CATCHES — ANDY!



The Crown of Death

■ IN GIVING LIFE to the world by dying for it, the Saviour satisfied His ineffable love for mankind. He also revealed a great principle for the instruction and guidance of mankind. This very comforting principle is that life comes from death; no form or degree of it worth the name comes from any other process. It is a paradox, perhaps, but it is very true and a very divine truth.

There is consolation in this principle in spite of its harsh sound. No man particularly likes to die, and it is not reasonable to expect him to do so. Fair and softly, please, in all these matters of life and death; and nothing too much. But every man must die anyhow, and he may as well do it for some appreciable purpose as to do it merely in order to stop living.

Moreover, every man must die daily in some degree, if he is a man of any striving and advancing. It is a good and salutary thing for him to know that these little multiplied deaths make his short years productive and helpful and worthwhile. His life is not a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying

nothing, because all his deaths really mean something. "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii: 24-25).

Is this principle a part of the natural law, a buttress deeply rooted among the foundations of the universe? Perhaps not. God could and can generate life, not only from death but from anything at all, or from nothing. Nevertheless, the principle is a law of universal application in nature. God, for reasons of His own, chose to order nature, including human nature, in this particular fashion. So the seed and the silkworm die in their metamorphosis; as do the farmer and the teacher and the artist in their labors; as does the saint in all the big and little mortifications of unselfish and expanding charity; as does every good man and woman in some degree.

From this process proceed all the bounty and the beauty of the spinning globe: the fruits of the earth and the flowers of the field: the upward surges and hard-won advances of men with their lessons



This Month's Cover

THE smiling girl on our cover is a sign of the times in Bolivia. So vigorous has Church life become in her community that she has set her heart on becoming a Sister. In Bolivia, young men in encouraging numbers are thinking of becoming priests. Sure signs that God is blessing the attempts of Maryknollers and others to help Bolivians help themselves.

painfully learned, their inventions elaborated, their visions caught and fixed and fashioned into living images, which increase as they decrease. And among these images so laboriously sculptured and embodied in flesh-and-blood form is the supremely beautiful one that mirrors the likeness of Christ in the human soul. It is worth dying, to have and to produce such a life.

IF MISSION WORK, of all things under the sun, were to be an exception to this principle, it would be a matter, if not of disappointment at least of great surprise. Actually mission work is not an exception. Ask anybody who takes part in it. Whoever he is, or wherever, he will be the last man to suppose that the most precious harvest on earth, that of the souls of his brother men, is to be produced and garnered at no cost to anybody, when even the most humble and inconsequential of the earth's fruits must be purchased with some kind of death.

A missionary expects that the mortifying process will bear some proportion to the value of the final product, and he gets himself ready for anything. Experience will come — not to surprise, but to confirm him. The vineyard of souls has its rules of production. Dying seed; dying sower, too. Only occasionally do routine conditions produce a bountiful harvest.

Charity is at the bottom of this principle. Most of God's ordinances in respect to the human race spring from this principle and find their explanation in it. And so the mis-

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

sioner easily understands why it is still possible and necessary, after nineteen hundred years, to purchase life with death, to die in some fashion for one's brother. A world so old ought to have more charity — not less of it. A new age ought to be better, not worse than the old one. New ages come, but not new principles. New ages come through old principles being lived up to, seriously put to work, and bravely carried out. This principle dates from the first Good Friday's being crowned on Easter Day. It is the old principle that makes all things new.

— Bishop James E. Walsh









The smiles of these smartly dressed Guatemalan lassies greet a bright day.

EASTER PARADE AROUND THE WORLD

■ THROUGH THE HILLS, the deep melody of the conch horn announces the Risen Christ. In the church plaza at Pisac, Peru, the mayors of mountain villages (opposite) gather for Easter Mass. All over the world, humble folk are dressed in their Easter finery.

COLOR PHOTOS BY JOSEPH A. HAHN AND ALBERT J. NEVINS

APRIL, 1953

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Panama



■ The costuming of the various Easter Parades around the world may not be Fifth Avenue, but who will deny the charm and good taste shown here — and often lacking by us at home.

Japan



Chile



The Mexican (above) wears a special fiesta bonnet. Father John McCabe, Maryknoller from Everett, Mass., (right) visits a market near Cochabamba, Bolivia, and gets a sight of latest hat styles.





THE MARYKNOLL SEMINARY



which sends
missioners . . .



. . . to faraway points
of the globe

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I wish to help build your chapel.

- ☐ I would like to send \$..... each month for your Chapel Fund. Please send me a monthly reminder.
- ☐ I enclose \$..... for your Chapel Fund.

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Death Comes to a Pioneer

Father Paul Manna (left) visited Maryknoll in 1929. He is here with Maryknoll's cofounder (right), and Bishop John J. Dunn, an ardent mission promoter from New York City.

■ IN THE EARLY days of this century, a small group of farseeing and adventurous men dreamed of and planned for a more vigorous prosecution of the Catholic mission cause. One of the leading pioneers in this modern mission movement was a small, be-spectacled, Italian priest — Father Paul Manna.

Father Manna, a priest of the Pontifical Mission Society of Milan, known in this country as the SS. Peter and Paul Mission Society, labored in Burma until forced by illness to return to Milan. It was then his real mission career began.

Father Manna dedicated himself to the task of arousing the interest of the laity in the missions. Books flowed from his pen. He began a monthly mission bulletin for youth, to encourage mission vocations.

Realizing that no program could

succeed without the Church's priests, Father Manna founded the Missionary Union of the Clergy, which today exists in all parts of the world. He became Superior General of his society, and almost trebled the missionaries under his rule.

When the Maryknoll cofounders, Fathers James A. Walsh and Thomas F. Price, planned a mission-sending society for the U.S., Father Walsh visited Father Manna and received generous advice. Father (later Bishop) Walsh kept in close contact with Father Manna, and in those years when mission experience was lacking here in America, Father Manna's guidance was of precious value.

Now word has come that this zealous pioneer has died at the age of 80. The whole Church mourns his passing.

The Maryknoll Roundup

■ **It Pays.** Not long ago Father James A. Flaherty, Maryknoller from Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., now stationed in Warnes, Bolivia, congratulated Don Juan Perez, former tax collector. A big landowner had offered Don Juan a substantial bribe to overlook items that were taxable. Don Juan refused the bribe, and the influential landowner had him fired. After cooling off, the landowner asked Don Perez' pardon and offered him a job of foreman at twice his former salary. "I need a man I can trust," said the would-be briber.



FR. FLAHERTY

Begone! Canada's Father Joseph A. Reinhart had a surprising conversation one day with a woman of the



FR. REINHART

Rosana mission in Africa. The old woman, who had failed three times in her examination for baptism, kept trailing him around until he finally asked, "What do you want?" She replied, "Please hit me on the head with the book." He asked, "Hit you on the head with

what book?" "With the big book," she replied. When asked why, she answered: "Because I want you to knock the devil out of me, and only the big book will do it."

His Position. Father James V. Pardy, Maryknoll Missioner from Brooklyn, is chaplain for the P.O.W. camp at Masan, Korea. One hundred and fifteen of the prisoners are Catholics whom the Reds had drafted into the North Korean Army. Five hundred of the prisoners are seriously preparing for baptism. Father Pardy is the only one who goes into the prisoners' enclosure unarmed. He tells us that all the prisoners understand his position and are very respectful towards him. He believes the converted prisoners, when released, will do grand work for the Church when they reach their home towns in various parts of Korea.



FR. PARDY

Non-Stop Signals. "When warning lights and a bell were installed at a railroad crossing near Tien Chung, Formosa, they only increased the traffic problem," writes Father Michael J. O'Connor, Maryknoll

MARYKNOLL

Missioner from New York. "For the first few weeks after the signals were installed, the flashing lights and the warning bells worked fine. Only trouble was that the signals operated only after a train had passed the crossing, and stopped when another approached. Trouble shooters for the railroad worked frantically to find out what was wrong. Until the signals were fixed, trucks and cars lost many hours waiting for trains that rarely came.



FR. O'CONNOR

"No Money From You, Father," said the girl behind the cash register when Father Joseph J. Shields, a Maryknoller from Philadelphia, Pa., tried to pay his check. The girl explained: "Perhaps you don't remember one rainy night in Brooklyn some fifteen years ago, when a Negro mother with three small children knocked at a rectory door and you answered. She told you she had

been put out of her flat and her money was gone. You took her into the kitchen and told her to fix supper for the family. You put them up for the night in a spare room, and later got her a job. My mother often pointed you out to me on the street. I'm the oldest of those children."

Mistakes. Maryknoll's Brother Clement Hansan, who hails from St. Mary's, Kansas, answered the door bell at the mission in Kyoto, Japan. The caller introduced himself as Mr. Akai, a professor at Kyoto University. He asked Brother Clement to correct the English in an article he had written for publication. After the mistakes were corrected, the professor asked Brother some questions; this was his first contact with the Church. The upshot of his questions was a course of instructions; and one year later the professor was baptized. His family will follow.



BR. CLEMENT

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4-3

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(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

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OUR SHRINKING GLOBE:

THE LONG ROAD GROWS SHORTER

But let's not be deceived; all the barriers are not yet down.

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE

■ WHEN St. Francis Xavier went to India, it took him thirteen months for the journey from Lisbon, Portugal, to Goa, on India's west coast. Today India is just over the horizon: less than twenty-four hours of flying time in luxury airplanes takes the European to Delhi, Bombay, or Calcutta. We live in another world.

Poor Francis Xavier was seasick during the entire first two months of his voyage around Africa. His vessel was becalmed for 40 days off the Guinea coast, and had to wait months at Mozambique for favorable weather. Then his caravel hugged the African shore northward almost to Arabia, and cut across to follow the India coast down to Goa. He had sailed down

the Tagus River from Lisbon, on his thirty-fifth birthday (April 7, 1541). He was over thirty-six years old when he arrived at Goa on May 6, 1542.

Life aboard ship was rugged in Xavier's day. The saint cooked his own meals, and washed his own clothes over the side of the vessel. But these were minor details that did not bother him in the least. The conditions below decks were almost beyond human endurance.

The first explorers discovered the Indies in ships of but 100 or 120 tons — the size of some of the small river craft of our day. Then the King of Portugal began building a new type of vessel, called the carrack, of 1,000, 1,500, and even

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER TOOK 13 MONTHS TO REACH INDIA



2,000 tons. These were regarded as huge; they created more astonishment than our mighty aircraft carriers do among us. "Only a great king can afford to build such ships!" explained Father Bartoli, one of Xavier's Jesuit confreres.

But huge though the carracks were, their complement for the long voyage to the East was likewise huge, often totaling a thousand souls. Each individual was assigned an unbelievably small space. Some were on deck, where they burned during the day and froze at night. Most lived in the hold. Most had to bring their own food; cook it as best they could, at open fires that had to be doused during heavy weather; and use implements so scarce that

many persons starved from actual inability to find utensils in which to put their food over the fire.

When storms came, the hatches were battened down, and the stench from illness and body odors became unbearable. Diseases attacked the passengers during the long voyages, and sometimes three and four hundred people died. It became a nerve-racking ordeal to witness the daily commitment of corpses to the sea.

It stands to reason that inadequate craft, journeying on strange seas with practically no weather information, were in frequent danger, and many were lost. St. Francis sent his reports back to St. Ignatius in triplicate, one copy on each of three different vessels, and there

THE FIRST MISSIONARY FROM ROME TO CHINA TOOK
TODAY A PLANE CAN COVER THE DISTANCE IN TWO DAYS,



The first missionary
from Rome to China, Friar
John of Montecorvino,
crossed Asia Minor in 1291

were instances when all three copies of the letters were lost.

St. Francis Xavier endured not only the first journey to Goa, but also other sea voyages to Ceylon, to Malacca, to the Moluccas, to Japan, and finally to Sancian Island, eight miles off the coast of China. There he died, awaiting an opportunity to carry the Faith to the Chinese. A

fast journey from India to China in the saint's time required 60 to 80 days.

It was characteristic of men of Xavier's time to know little about geography. One of the saint's communications to Ignatius, written in 1552, reveals Francis' limitations along this line. Speaking of his plans for China, he mentions his inten-

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AYS,

YEARS FOR HIS JOURNEY BUT WAS GRACIOUSLY RECEIVED.
YET CHINA IS AGAIN BEYOND REACH OF THE GOSPEL.



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tion to go from that country to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. "Everyone tells me," he wrote to St. Ignatius from the Moluccas, "that it is possible to get there from China. If this is so, then I will report to you how many miles it is, and how long the journey has taken me."

Centuries before St. Francis Xavier's day, missionaries from

Europe had made the long trek overland to China, but the records of their exploits were, very possibly, unknown to Xavier. The story of their astounding adventures makes good reading today, when so far as roads and routes are concerned, no corner of the earth is any longer far away.

Archbishop John of Montecorvino,

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an Italian Franciscan, was the first bishop of what is now called Peking. He deserves to be remembered among the great missionaries of all time, because he journeyed farther than had any previous apostolic pioneer.

In 1291, John of Montecorvino, then a simple friar, set out overland from Asia Minor for India. After laboring there awhile, he continued on through Central Asia to Cambaluc (the name for Peking in that period). He arrived there in 1294, three years after leaving the Mediterranean. The ruler of China — Kublai Khan, the great Mongol leader — had just died, but Friar John presented his letters from the Pope to Kublai's successor.

Nestorian Christians had reached China as early as the eighth century, but Friar John was the first to come from Rome. He was courteously received and by the year 1300, he had built a church, which possessed a tower with three bells. By the year 1305, he had a flock of 6,000 converts. Friar Thomas of Tolentino was one of several who had joined him. When Friar Thomas returned to Rome, his report caused a sensation.

In 1307, the Holy Father made Friar John an archbishop and sent out seven Franciscan bishops to join him. Three of the seven died in India; a fourth has been lost from the annals; only three reached Cambaluc. In 1311, the Holy Father sent three more bishops; only one survived the immense journey across Asia.

Archbishop John of Montecorvino

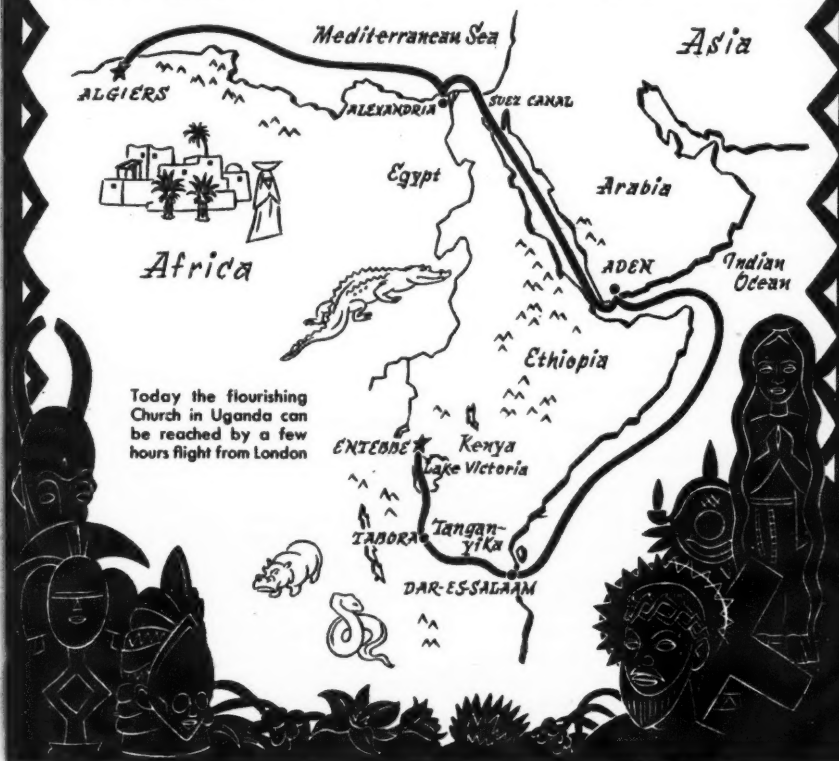
died about 1330, and most brief histories leave us with the impression that the fourteenth-century missions in China faded out with his passing. Is this true? Wasn't the missionary spirit in that day strong enough to surmount the obstacles, great though they were?

We are justified in feeling that it was the long, long road, become impassably dangerous, that defeated the Church's efforts. For a hundred and fifty years after Archbishop John's death, the Holy See on ten different occasions named a successor to him. Only one of the ten, Archbishop John of Marignolli, ever reached the Chinese capital. In the second half of the century, the Mongol Empire broke up, established law was destroyed along the caravan routes, and Catholic missionaries in Asia were killed.

In 1370, a professor of the University of Paris was sent as Archbishop of Cambaluc; his fate is unknown. In 1371, an apostolic delegate and twelve companions started for China's capital; they were never again heard from. The last of the line was named in 1475. He was captured by the Turks and endured imprisonment for seven years before he was allowed to go back to Italy. Once again, geography had conquered the Gospel.

WHILE FRANCIS XAVIER and numerous missionaries of the great religious communities worked in Asia, other bands crossing the seas to the Americas were meeting with similar travel problems. The Atlantic could be as cruel in the Western

THE FIRST WHITE FATHERS TO REACH UGANDA TOOK NINE MONTHS FOR JOURNEY FROM ALGIERS



Hemisphere as off the coast of Africa; as cruel as the Indian Ocean or the China Sea.

The overland feats of missionaries in the Americas were frequently extraordinary. Archbishop Turibius of Lima is said to have walked 50,000 miles during his missionary

career, which ended in 1606. Tropical heat, wild beasts, and savage tribes figured in his journeys. In his tirelessness, he exemplified in deed the theme of many of his sermons: "Time is not our own, and we must give a strict account of it."

One day on the road, a fever



THE CATHOLIC WILL

SHOULD REMEMBER:

- 1) *One's Family*
- 2) *One's Friends*
- 3) *Charities*
- 4) *One's Parish*
- 5) *Diocesan Institutions*
- 6) *National Institutions*
- 7) *The World Church (Foreign Missions)*

THE SPREAD OF THE FAITH SHOULD FIGURE IN EVERY CATHOLIC WILL

For the benefit of donors who wish to help Maryknoll spread the Faith, the following form may be used:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York (here insert amount or description of legacy or property). The legacy is to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

attacked him. He dragged himself to the door of the church in the next village, received Viaticum, and quietly passed away, by the side of the open road on which he had spent a lifetime in search of souls.

Father Samuel Fritz, a Bohemian Jesuit, spent forty years along the Amazon and worked tirelessly to perfect a map of that stream. He journeyed from Quito, Ecuador, to its mouth at Belem, Brazil. At times his was the only voice that spoke for the Indians against the injustices of both Portuguese and Spanish merchants.

At the end of the seventeenth century, when Father Fritz was on the Amazon, it took months to mount the huge stream. He became ill while among the Jurimaguas Indians at the height of a great flood. The Indians to save him put him on the roof of a hut and fed him from boats. Crocodiles and lizards shared his perch, and rats stole his food.

PORTUGUESE skirting the coasts of Africa made attempts to win the Negro, but it was at a later date that extensive efforts were made to penetrate the interior. The first band of Catholic missionaries to reach the Great Lakes region of East Africa was composed of White Fathers.

Cardinal Lavigerie, then with a bare half a hundred missionaries, got a commission from the Holy Father to enter Central Africa. His first expedition left Algiers in April 1878, and reached Uganda nine months later — in January 1879.

This first journey inland followed the Arabs' slave trails, which began

MARYKNOLL

at the coast and led through Tabora. Father Paschal headed the party, which engaged 100 Askaris as an armed escort and 300 porters for the baggage. Through forests, swamps, and jungles, they plodded. At each river, they had to build rafts. There were attacks by raiders; there were scorching sun and drenching rain; there were fever and fatigue. At times as few as two of the priests were able to walk and patrol the caravan.

After 90 days on the road, Father Paschal died, and a party walked five miles at dead of night to bury his remains secretly in a forest, lest the whole expedition be slain by the local tribes for planting a strange ghost in their midst.

The expedition divided at Tabora. The new leader, Father Levinhac, gave Father Lourdel the commission to cross Lake Victoria Nyanza and treat with King Mutesa. Father Lourdel's party reached the lake and set off in a dugout for what should have been a week's journey. But a storm tossed the tiny craft on the shore and cracked it to bits. After 28 days, Father Lourdel and his group reached Entebbe. They knelt on the shore in the late afternoon of January 17, 1879, to make the first sign of the cross in Uganda.

Today the journey from London to Uganda by plane is a matter of hours. The new faith has millions of followers in Central Africa, served

by thousands of missionaries, and by hundreds of well-trained sons of Africa who are Catholic priests.

The long road has grown shorter: seldom today are there the struggles

to overcome the obstacles of land or sea that heralds of the Gospel knew in centuries gone by.

Before 1500 it was the ship

of the trade routes that governed Eurasia; the caravans rode east to Manchuria, west to Algeria, north to the Ukraine, south to India. The rest of the world was unknown. Then the people on a tiny peninsula of Eurasia's periphery—the Portuguese and the Spanish—outflanked the holders of steppe-power, and reached India and the Americas via the ocean. Sea power was born. The caravel replaced the caravan.

And now today the ship of the skies creates a new world orientation. But it is a mistake to believe that, because geography has been conquered, all the barriers are down.

Something stronger than the selfish dreams of nations is needed for our smaller world. Of course this something is the Figure of Christ. "You unite together," says St. Augustine of the Christian ideal, "the different peoples, nay the whole human race, by belief in our common origin. Men are no longer satisfied in merely being joined together; they long to become in some fashion brothers one to another."

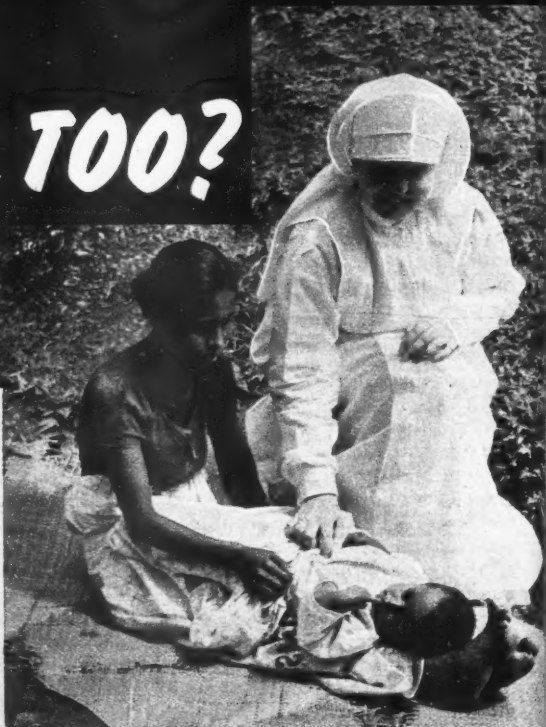
SIXTY PERCENT

of all young men who apply to become Maryknoll priests or Brothers, say that they caught the idea from reading our magazine, MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR.

YOU, TOO?

You're right here with me, bringing this woman the blessings of religion and science.

God sees you here beside me—if you helped give me the training needed to make me a Maryknoll Sister missionary.



To support, or help to support, a Sister during her 2½ years novitiate training, is a very solid way

*to spread the Faith
to secure world peace
to serve God in our fellow men.*

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MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$....., my part in training
Maryknoll Sisters.

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Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... each month for this purpose.
I understand that I may omit or stop payments whenever I wish.

CLEAN SWEEP IN THE TEMPLE

■ "HE'S IN fair shape, now," Doctor Kawawaki said. "His old granny will take him home tomorrow."

We really felt sad about it. Mamoru San's infectious grin, his cheery face, were beacons in that drear public hospital, where poverty and disease spread a gray pallor on the spirits. We'd miss Old Granny, too, for she was a little bundle of practical wisdom.

Besides, Mamoru was just on the verge of knowing more, much more, about the Faith. What if he went home to a hostile atmosphere and lost it all?

A strange man was visiting, when we got to Mamoru's hospital room.

"This is my uncle," the young patient said. "We're going to live with him. Come to see us!"

The uncle very pleasantly started to draw a road map for us.

"Go out to the north city gate; follow the road to Mottsu."

"That's where the old Buddhist temple is, isn't it?" I asked.

"Exactly! And my home is here." He drew a swastika (an old Buddhist symbol) with a deliberate hand.

"But that is the Buddhist temple!" I gasped.

"Precisely," he said. "I am the monk stationed at the temple. You will be very welcome."

We took the courteous pagan at his word, a few weeks later. We borrowed a car and drove out to the mountain village. The ancient

Sister Sabina's visit delights a Kyoto mother. The toddler knows a friend when he sees one.



APRIL, 1953

temple is set in a grove of cryptomeria trees. It is so old, so apparently deserted, that it seems forbidding. We hesitated outside. Then we took a grip on our courage and on the bell cord, and rang the temple bell.

"They're here!" shrieked Mamoru as he tried to run around the corner of the temple.

In a moment, everybody else was out, smiling, bowing, welcoming us with a thousand polite words. Old Granny spoke first, of course. She was followed by the monk, his wife and children, and Mamoru's two little brothers. Orphaned by bombings, the boys clung to Granny as if she were father and mother in one.

For such a tribe, the temple's

Mamoru's brother might have a chance.



living quarters were ultra-tiny. Japanese people are geniuses at being comfortable, and even polite, in cramped quarters, but the monk's family hit an all-time high in the art.

"Here," our host said, showing one tiny corner of a tiny room, "is where Mamoru San prays."

We saw that Mamoru San had put up an altar with pictures of Our Lord and Our Lady — little pictures we had given him in the hospital. Then the monk sent the boy out of the room on an errand.

"The youngster is an inspiration to all of us," he said. "I have studied the small book you gave him. If he wants to be a Catholic, he will have my consent."

The monk went on. "And also," he said slowly, "my son! According to our custom, he should be a monk and succeed me. But the boy is interested in what Mamoru tells him. The Catholic doctrine is good — very good!"

We turned then to lesser matters. We made the acquaintance of the Buddhist gods, and listened to the Buddhist rubrics. The monk was a real student of Buddhism and talked well of all it meant to Japan as a nation. We sipped tea with the family, and ate a *yokan*, and gave everybody a small present. Much fuss, many smiles and bows, and expressions of thanks on both sides followed, and then we were off.

It's April now, and no doubt Our Lady intends to do a little spring house cleaning. If so, I think she will be able to make a clean sweep in that pagan temple very, very soon.

MARYKNOLL



Horatio Alger in the Jungle

BY WALTER W. WINRICH

■ A SUDDEN tropical downpour sent seven-year-old José Avila scurrying for the protection of the portico of the church, here in Cozumel, Mexico. José is enough of a meteorologist to know that a storm was brewing when he set out for church to serve Mass. He hadn't worn a raincoat or carried an umbrella, for the simple reason that he had never owned such luxuries.

"José," I said, "how would you like it if I were to give you a newspaper? It would at least keep your head dry as you make a dash for home."

"Oh, thank you very much, Padre," said he, as he accepted a back issue of *Criterio*, the Catholic weekly.

Jose waited until the rain stopped, and then left the portico of the church with the paper under his arm. An hour later, he was knocking on the door of the rectory.

"Padre, do you have any more of those papers?"

"It's not raining now, José. Why do you want more papers?"

"Oh, I sold the one you gave me for twenty centavos. Now I want to sell some more."



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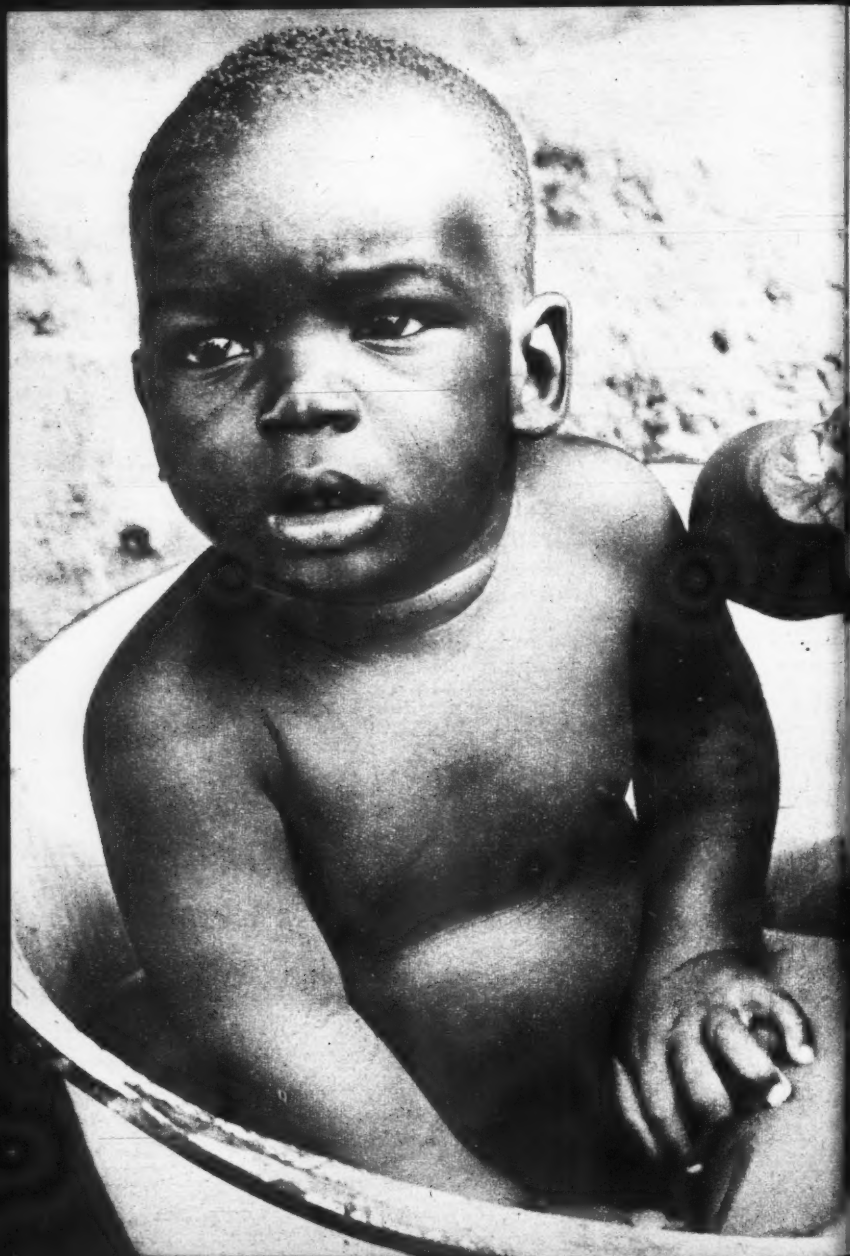
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KNOLL



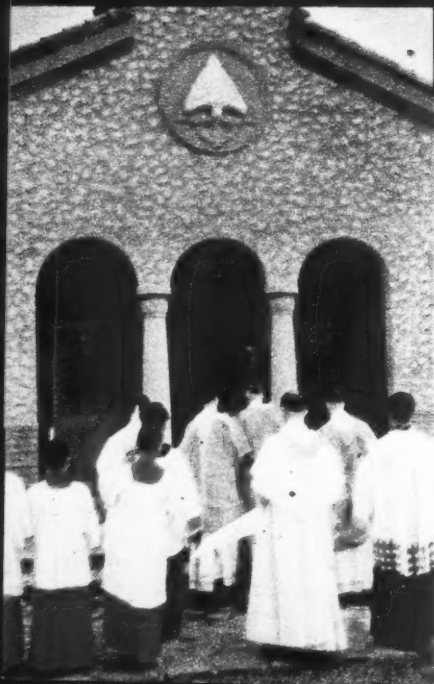


rub a-dub dub

We've heard about
two men in a tub,
and thought
you'd like to see
two youngsters
in a dishpan.
Will we Africans
grow up to use
our God-given
rights?
The answer lies
with you
of the free world.



Sunday is a busy day for the pastor, Father George Hirschboeck (above). Dedication of Kinugasa church (left).



The Day It Rained in Kinugasa

BY J. JOSEPH MOONEY

■ **ALTHOUGH GOD** created us and the world in which we live, without any assistance from us, He planned otherwise for the world's redemption. The grace of salvation was won by the Crucified; yet to bring those graces to mankind, God has decided to rely on us. As countless streams channel the nourishing waters to the thirsty rice paddies of Japan, so are we destined to be the conduits of divine mercy to the human race. The thirst of countless parched souls may never be slaked if we fail our trust.

The Kinugasa mission, in Kyoto, was anything but a success during its first year. In the spring of 1951, a young Maryknoller from Milwaukee arrived in Kinugasa to start a mission. For over a year, part of his house served as a chapel. Father Hirschboeck tirelessly tried by every conceivable means to increase the number of his Christians. Yet for nearly a year, the Kinugasa story was one of failure. Apparently Divine Providence willed to impart the bitter but necessary lesson of the success of failure. Man cannot lift his smallest finger to help promote the glory of God without receiving in return a flood of God's grace. God's benevolence to those who allow themselves to be lifted up on the cross of seeming defeat is well illustrated in the Kinugasa story.

The prayers and sacrifices of interested friends in offices and factories back in the United States brought a rain of divine mercy on the Kinugasa mission.

The parish now has about one

hundred and fifty Catholics; over a hundred are preparing for baptism. Kinugasa has two outstations. One has fifteen Catholics, and the other has twenty; nearly forty people are studying the doctrine.

The neighborhood meeting is one mission method used. Once each month, in the five sections of the parish, the Christians meet with their pastor. At the end of the rosary, Father Hirschboeck gives an explanation of some point of doctrine. Then a lively discussion takes place. These meetings in the Christians' homes serve to deepen the faith and enliven the zeal of the baptized. They also provide wonderful opportunities for introducing the inexhaustible riches of Christ's teaching to non-believers. The Christians are constantly on the look-out for opportunities to bring non-believers to these neighborhood meetings.

In the social field, much is being done to aid the poor and the undernourished. Our aim is to help these people help themselves.

A large hospital in the parish has over six hundred tubercular patients. Of these, sixty are Catholics, and a like number are studying catechism. In the pre-wonder-drug-days, such sick people lingered in crowded, dismal wards until they finally died. Now, thanks to the advances of medical science, many of them recover.

As soon as the doctors label a patient "cured," he or she must leave the hospital. The cured patients, however, are in a weakened condition and cannot secure full-

time employment. To work, they are not able; to beg, they are ashamed. Father Hirschboeck has a plan to solve their problems.

Like all Japanese, these men and women are clever with their hands. The women folk do fine needle work; they make Mass vestments, all types of clothing, and various ornamental pieces. Some of the men are excellent wood carvers; others are experienced in making radio parts. Now in the formative stage is a co-operative that will give the convalescent people part-time employment. One half of the Kinugasa rectory will soon be a workshop. Noise will abound; but the shepherd of souls will be pleased, as was Mary when she heard the blows of hammers and the whine of saws in the Nazareth workshop.

Machines, tools, and materials must be purchased. The mission will provide the initial cost of setting the program in operation. In time, the co-op will be self-supporting. The profits will be shared among the workers. In concrete terms, this project will mean rice and humble dwellings for some of our people.

We have pledges of markets for the goods that these people will turn out. Once the kinks are ironed out, we plan to extend the co-operative so as to include many of the impoverished war widows in the parish.

One of the most salient natural virtues of the Japanese is a sense of

appreciation. Whatever we do for the poor and the downtrodden is sincerely appreciated by all in Kinugasa. Seeing our efforts on behalf of those who need a helping hand,

the people of Kinugasa seek the underlying "why." With the help of God's grace, this co-operative project will

set many souls on the road to the Kingdom of God.

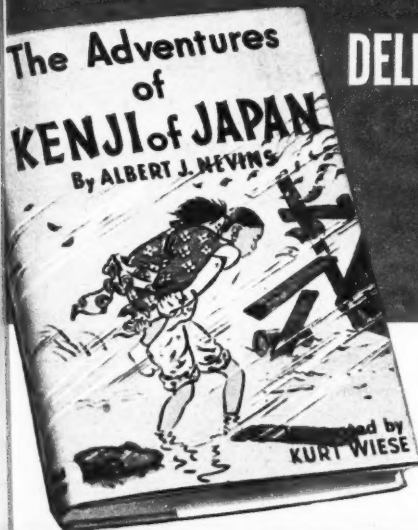
Another effect of these efforts to help the people help themselves, will be the silencing of the Reds in this area. They hammer away at their propaganda about the pie in the Russian sky, about the Utopia that lies across the Japan Sea. Words fascinate for a time, but actions indelibly impress people and move their hearts to love.

Father Hirschboeck will not take credit for the marvelous success of the Kinugasa mission. Of himself he can do nothing; but as a member of Christ, he can accomplish all things. Like every supernatural endeavor, this work lives, moves, and has its being in Christ. It was begun by His grace, and sustained it must be by the same means. That grace was given through your prayers and your sacrifices. This work, as does all mission work, needs you.

The Kinugasa story is a beautiful one. It began on Calvary. The final chapter will not be written until Judgment Day.

Answer to riddle: A duck.

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Visiting a Farmeson family



It's hard to tell (above) what is getting the most attention — the catechism lesson, the cameraman, or some other distraction here on Formosa.

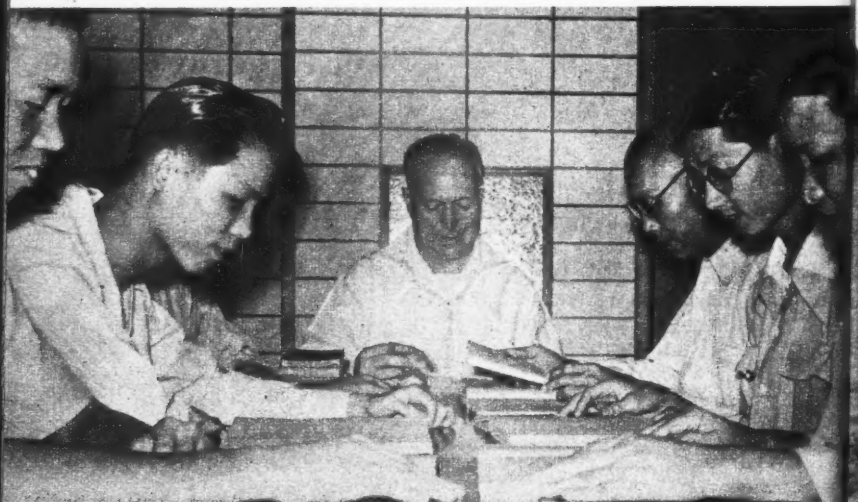
FINGER ON FORMOSA

■ COMING FROM New York City, Father Michael J. O'Connor is used to islands. Even the many earthquakes of Formosa remind him of the earth-shaking rumbles of the subway trains back home. Father O'Connor studied for a degree in English at Notre Dame University and taught at our Lakewood seminary before being assigned to China. However, the Reds moved more quickly than the missionary's Pacific liner. By the time he arrived in Hong Kong, the mainland was sealed off. Now transplanted on Formosa, Father (above and left) leads a busy life in Maryknoll's new and fastest-growing mission territory.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM FORMOSA BY MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR



Busy in her outdoor Formosa dispensary, this Sister is a double exile. A refugee from China, she is also cut off from her Hungarian homeland.



Father Armand J. Jacques values the experience gained in Manchuria and China for training these all-important catechists in Taichung, Formosa.

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KNOLL



Ousted from China, this Hungarian
Sister gets a warm Formosa welcome.

Letters OF THE MONTH

We enjoy our mail: it keeps us close to our multitude of Maryknoll friends.

Bishop Ford.

In our house we feel prompted to write about Bishop Ford. We cannot presume to regard ourselves as members of the Maryknoll family, but nevertheless we wish to assure you that we share in the grief and pride and glory and praise which must be flooding the hearts of all Maryknollers everywhere that one of their number has been chosen to follow so closely in the steps of Our Blessed Lord. So long as there are such noble souls to enjoy the torture and martyrdom of Chinese jails, the Faith cannot die in that unhappy land.

I sometimes wonder if the missionaries understand the work they do here at home by their example and inspiration. One of our greatest privileges is to be permitted to share ever so slightly our scanty alms and poor prayers with Maryknoll.

M.R., New York

Spark of Hope.

I want to tell you of the special significance your little magazine has in our home. Nine years ago I married a non-Catholic who has gradually grown more and more prejudiced against the Faith. Naturally I am more than a little heart-sick, particularly as we have four children.

The only good work my husband concedes to Catholicism is the superb work of the missionaries; no doubt our years in India are responsible for this. However, memories are short and I'm sure that the

arrival of your magazine does much to keep the memory of those experiences alive. He reads it (as do all the others in the office) and is greatly impressed. How could he be otherwise? This will seem a small thing to you but it gives me hope that one little concession may lead to greater ones and the conversion I so greatly desire will take place.

Mrs. B.V., Wisconsin

Missioners in the Offing.

I have never written a letter such as this before, but I feel that I must tell you how very much Maryknoll has meant to me and to my family.

For several years at our church once a year a Maryknoll priest has told us about Maryknoll and asked for contributions. For several years I didn't give to this wonderful cause for financial reasons. Then about a year ago I started contributing my small bit for the support of a Maryknoll priest. Then a strange and wonderful thing happened. My husband who had never taken any steps toward Catholicism met (of all things) a Maryknoll priest whom we've all loved. With the help of your prayers my husband was baptized by Father Siebert. It isn't only the fact that he was converted, but the fact that he has completely accepted the Faith without reservations.

I feel, Fathers, if I could only bring our sons up to love and respect Maryknoll as I do, maybe God would bless us and

allow at least one of our sons to become a priest, maybe a Maryknoller. Who am I to underestimate the power of God's will?

Thank you, Fathers, for all we've gained through your prayers.

Mrs. F.M., Missouri

Reminds Me.

When I saw the picture of Father Robert W. Greene in your October issue, I felt that my own soul will have to suffer for a while. The sufferings of that young missionary remind me of Christ. I am putting his picture inside of my wall locker, as a sort of a reminder of the duty to Christ and His missionaries that I owe as a Catholic and as an American soldier.

Cpl. B.H., Germany

Our Friend Cathy.

One Sunday last winter, a Maryknoll Father spoke at all the Masses at Saint Matthew's. To keep my five-year-old busy while Father spoke, I gave her the envelope and pencil in the pew. I pointed out the letters on the envelope for her to copy and she wrote her name.

When the time came for the special collection, my husband found that he had left his wallet at home. We found 35c and Cathy put it in her envelope and proudly put it into the basket.

A happy little girl received an acknowledgement a few days later from you, and receives the magazine every month.

I'm enclosing the dollar we wanted to give you last winter. Thank you for accepting Cathy's gift so graciously, and for making a small girl mission conscious.

Mrs. C.G., Pennsylvania

First-Hand Information.

I just returned from a country I did not know existed until a short while before I

got there, namely Korea. What I saw there, set me back many years. I was in a line company in the Infantry, and saw so very much the need for the kind of work done by the missionaries. War indeed is a very nasty thing in itself, but the men, women, and children affected by it are numerous and their needs are great. Having seen this and not being able to do anything for them materially while in Korea, I feel obliged to contribute to aid someone who can.

Having seen the need for help, and feeling that I owe the Good Lord something for sending me home all in one piece, I send this small offering.

R.L., Missouri

Stretching.

I'm increasing my monthly donation. My husband says, "Maryknoll must have as hard a time as we do making the dollar stretch to cover the high cost of living."

Mrs. W.V., Nevada

Time For Action.

Your magazine gives us something to think about. And the time for just thinking has passed; it's time for action from every Catholic who is on Christ's side in the world conflict now in progress.

Like many young couples, we make time payment purchases. Being paid only once a month we find ourselves paying this one and that one, and not having much left to go on. As a result our Maryknoll check never seemed to get written. We're starting a time payment account for Maryknoll that will be on our list at the beginning of each month, not figured in what is left over. Our Lord has given us the best, not left overs; He deserves to be on the top of our list.

M/Sgt. & Mrs. I.S., Ohio



WANT ADS

Slightly Terrific are the staggering needs of the poor in war-torn Korea. You be the judge as to who is most in need of your charity, at \$5 per month: an old person, a blind child, an orphan, or

a refugee. Will you help us to help them?

A Boy, A Ball, and A Bat. Perfect picture of a young American athlete! Baseball is catching—like a fever—in Japan, too. \$60 for a back stop, some balls and bats will be a wonderful contact for our missionaries in Kyoto with the future men of Nippon. And the girls need sewing machines, \$35 each.

No Surplus of surpluses in Africa. In fact, there is a real need for ten of them for our missionaries there. We want them to “dress up” for Benediction, baptisms, and processions. \$10 each.

Christ on the Spot. Not everyone can travel to the church every day in Musoma to study the doctrine, so our missionaries and catechists in Africa go out to the people of distant villages. For \$70 each, five catechumenate outposts can be built in villages, so that the people can get together and study about Christ, right on the spot!

“My Flesh is Meat, indeed; and My Blood is drink, indeed,” said our Divine Lord. A year’s supply of wine and hosts to become Our Saviour’s Flesh and Blood at the Holy Sacrifice in Guatemala costs \$120. Will you give some part?

Ship Ahoy! Most of the mission stations in the Pando, Bolivia, are reached by the water lanes of the tributaries of the Amazon River. An automobile without a motor cannot get very far on land, and a boat without a motor cannot move much farther on water. Four outboard motors are needed, to move four native canoes to more people. \$300 apiece!

Dressed For the Occasion. Twenty-four little ladies are prepared to make their First Holy Communion in Puno, Peru. \$12 would provide each with the white dress and veil to make this occasion the most joyous and memorable in her young life. Will you help one of them?

Service Award. Altar boys in Puno, Peru, deserve a vote of thanks for their service at the altar. They have been patient, prompt, and devout. An award is due them. We know they will be delighted with \$35 for a ping-pong table and equipment.

“The Poor you have always with you”—our Divine Lord said. He wants them to be the object of our charity. Remember His words: “As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.” A contribution towards a \$300 goal for the destitute in Yucatan, Mexico, will be an expression of your love for Christ and His poor.





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HELP OUR ARCHITECT FINISH HIS PLANS

This picture shows the tower, the main entrance, and part of the residence wing of the Maryknoll Seminary.

But half of the planned whole is missing. When the plans were drawn for the Seminary, 35 years ago, it was intended that a chapel should be built where you see the sky and open fields.

But there was not money enough. Classrooms and bedrooms were given preference; a lecture hall has been our chapel ever since.

The years went on, and war scourged Asia. Since our big missions were there, the need of money on the missions was desperate.

We need the chapel, and we need help with it. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome for our Chapel Fund.

It is ironic that the Maryknoll Seminary, which has sent so many missionaries to so many far away lands to establish churches, has no chapel of its own!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

People are Interesting!

How Father Green consumed the Host



1. When Chinese Reds came, Father Robert Green hid the Blessed Sacrament in a box in his house.



2. The Reds arrested him and led him back home only for a few minutes before sending him into exile.



3. How could he possibly contrive to consume the Sacred Host without risking any Red interference?



4. "Let me show you a ceremony that we Catholics perform," he said as the Red chief neared the box.



5. "We take this wafer and God is then with us," he said and quickly placed the host in his mouth.



6. "How dare you!" cried the chief, "Spit it out!" But by then the Eucharist was safe from any harm.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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